

*2 tapes - a 4 hour interview*

Project I.E. No. 11 & 12

NAME: Hayashi, Kazuko DATE OF BIRTH: 3/24/1886 PLACE OF BIRTH: \_\_\_\_\_  
Age: 85 Sex: F Marital Status: W Education: Middle School

PRE-WAR:

Date of arrival in U.S.: 6/1909 Age: 23 M.S. M Port of entry: San Fran.  
Occupation/s: 1. Housewife/Farmer 2. Cook for labor camps 3. \_\_\_\_\_  
Place of residence: 1. Livingston, Ca. 2. San Francisco, Ca. 3. \_\_\_\_\_  
Religious affiliation: Christian Church  
Community organizations/activities: \_\_\_\_\_

EVACUATION:

Name of assembly center: Salinas Assembly Center  
Name of relocation center: Arizona Relocation Center  
Dispensation of property: War Relocation Authority Names of bank/s: \_\_\_\_\_  
Jobs held in camp: 1. \_\_\_\_\_ 2. \_\_\_\_\_  
Jobs held outside of camp: \_\_\_\_\_  
Left camp to go to: Chicago, Illinois


POST-WAR:

Date returned to West Coast: 1960 (To Sacramento, Ca.)  
Address/es: 1. Chicago, Illinois 2. Minneapolis, Minnesota  
3. Sacramento, California  
Religious affiliation: Christian Church  
Activities: 1. \_\_\_\_\_ 2. \_\_\_\_\_ 3. \_\_\_\_\_  
If deceased, date, place and age at time of death: Deceased 9/11/72/86

Name of interviewer: Heihachiro Takarabe Date: 12/1971 Place: Sacramento

*Translator: H. Takarabe*





Name: Kazuko Hayashi

Birth Date: March 24, 1886

Birth Place:

The time of her entry into the States: June, 1909

How Old was she when she came to the States: 23 years old.

Major Occupation: house wife

Camp: Arizona

Interviewer: Heihachiro Takarabe

Interview Date: Sep., 1970

Interview Place: Sacramento

Translator: Heihachiro Takarabe

Typist: Heihachiro Takarabe



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HAYASHI, KAZUKO 1911

INSERT EMULSION SIDE DOWN

STYLE NO. 57-1

FILE NO:





Q. What is your name?

A. My name is Kazuko Hayashi and they say that when you put the "Ko" after the end of a name, that means that it is in the old style and young people don't use that word anymore.

Q. Is there any meaning to that name?

A. Yes. There are meanings to that writing. From my ancestors a long time ago, we, our family kept using the same kind of writings for names. My mother showed me a family tree and she said that each family chose a particular writing, a particular Kanji, for the name of their children. The name was particularly important for boys and when you came to the time when you had to state your full name, particularly when you went to war or something like that, you had to have a good family name. My brother's name was Gunya-no-Mato-Chikasei. He was two years older than I was. These names were all written in the family book. Well, girls don't have such long names. My father was the Shinto priest at the Kampei Taisha. My father died when I was eight years old. He died of a heart attack, I think. The Kampei Taisha, which is one of the most important shrines of the Shinto sect, was located in the mountains. Ogami-Jinsha and Kasumi Jinja were other important shrines, too. My father used to work in these shrines, too. Well, we come from such an old and good family and he was a respectable man because he came from such a good family. But our family name has fallen because of the death of my father. I have two brothers and two sisters, they were much older than I was. Last year, one sister died, who was 86 years old. Everyone else has died so I am the only one left. My mother was quite a different person.



Q. I would like to ask about your mother later, but I would like to know if there is any meaning to your name, Kazuko.

A. Oh, I really don't know. The only thing I know is that Kazuko is the Kanji which comes down in the family for girls. It is a very good Kanji. My father was an only son and my mother was an only daughter. My father was one of the survivors of Ako Hanshi. You know about the Chushingura story? Well, he was a Samurai but after the fall of the Ako Lord, he had to become an attached Samurai. He used to have a Chonmage and Haori-Hakama. I used to have a picture of them but when our house was burned in Livingston, the picture was burned with the house. You know, the pictures were printed on glass, and it wasn't paper like we see now. That picture was burned when we had the fire in Livingston.

Q. When you say Guuji, he is the highest ranking priest in the Shinto Shrine, isn't it?

A. Well, there are rankings among them and my father was called "Shogoi", the fifth, and that was his ranking when he died. Well, the order to take certain positions used to come from the emperor and we called this kind of official letter "Jisei", and I happen to have one of them right here. Well, this letter has the emperor's sign, "Kikuno Gomon", the sign of the Chrysanthemum, which is used as a water mark on the paper. My family used to have lots of these papers, but they say they were burned in Tokyo, when Tokyo was bombed by the American bombers. My father was a respectable man, but he didn't have a job because of the fall of his Lord Ako, and he was looking for a job. In the beginning he did work for a Buddhist Temple as a priest and then after that, he



found a work as a Shinto priest. Before I was born, there was a war called "Shimi-Senso", and at that time Christians lived in Sakai. And there my mother was born. When she was small, there was a plague and both of her parents died of Cholera. They say there was an enormous amount of wealth left for her. Her family was in the Sake making business. Her grandfather was called Asahi Ohachi, and he was a very famous man. He was called a man's man and was able to present himself in front of the emperor. She was taught by this grandfather. Well, I was born in 19th year of Meiji. When my father was sixteen he was able to take a picture with the emperor and the picture was sent to me and I had the picture here. I didn't know anything about these things. My mother used to tell me all about my father, mother and their background. That is a different story, but is it OK? Well, I had

Well, I had three brothers. My oldest brother was about 20 years old and he wanted to begin business with a foreign country, and he wanted to send shoyu to America. In order to make Shoyu, he built a factory in Kobe. I was in Sakai when I was a little girl, but this business was not successful and my brother died all of a sudden. And when I came to think about it, my brother must have used too much of his brain. He died, anyway. The next brother was in Sakai, and he went to School in Momoyama, a little school. When my brother was in the second year of middle school, my mother took him out and took him to Doshisha University in Kyoto. The Doshisha University was founded in the Christian tradition and my father was a Shinto priest, so there was a quite conflict there. Though we did not have any immediate relatives, there was a man named Nakata Norinobu, and he was the judge. He became



very famous when he prosecuted a national criminal, Omi Kentaro. They said that he planned to bring some kind of Chaos into the Japanese Government. He brought charges against this man and then he became very famous from this case. In any case, my mother had quite a bit of wealth, and she sent him to school until he became an independent lawyer. This man was my father's good friend, in fact he was just like my father's little brother and we used to call him uncle. Well, he went to Tokyo when I was about 14 years old. Because I was working around the house, he took me to Tokyo, and he liked me very much. He had a house, a mansion in Okubo, near Shinjuku and there he had a job of tracing out family trees of noble families. They usually had very respectable people as his clients.

This man, instead of hiring a maid, made me work around the house. He used to call me, "Kazuko, Kazuko" all the time. He used to take me all over the place. At that time, I didn't have my father anymore, though mother was still healthy. I don't remember how old his son was, but then, he became an Army Lieutenant, and I don't quite remember his name. He was transferred to Formosa with the Army, and he wanted to take me with him. However, my mother opposed. She said, "Kazu has been working as a maid all this time, but if she goes to Formosa, she must begin a new vocation as a maid which she is not well prepared for."

In any case this man married a woman from a noble family and their wedding was a magnificent one. It was a custom of a wealthy family to retain a woman called "Machijoro" (waiting woman), who took care of



the man's need until his bride moved in. My mother was the head of the women who assisted the Wedding reception. She sat at the head of the entrance followed by the rest of the maids to receive gifts from the visitors. After they got married they left for Taiwan (Formosa). Because of my mother's opposition I did not go to Taiwan with the newly wed. So I stayed with my mother and assisted her because she was not able to hire a maid.

I finished elementary school and part of a middle school, however, I was unable to attend further than that. The rest of my time in Japan was spent for working for my mother as a maid. My brother graduated from Doshisha University and come to think of it, he was studying languages. My mother wanted him to be a medical doctor. When I was 4 years old, my sister died. We used to have a summer house in Osaka, and she was married when she was about 16 years old. She was pregnant when she died. My other sister used to correspond with the man for a long time until he died. My mother was quite a different woman from the average Japanese woman. She used to look around the Doshisha University and the dorms. I had to stay with a housekeeper at home. The other sister had to go along with her when my mother went to see the University. The one my mother took, was the oldest one and she was able to do anything she wanted. She was quite spoiled. My brother worked for a bank, a foreign bank, the "Gaikoku Ginko", owned by foreign countries. When I was 11 years old, this emperor's father, the present emperor's grandfather, came to see Osaka. Because my brother was able to speak French and English, he worked as a translator, so he was able to bring home some



cakes, and some things like that, which were given to him by the emperor. He brought them home and my mother cut them up into small pieces and distributed them among friends and relatives. She put on the formal wear, called Montsuki, to do this. It was such an honor, and this kind of thing did not happen to common people. So she felt that it was such honor and considered it as a very special occasion.

Well, anyway, my father was a very respectable man (erai hito). My mother was a respectable woman, too, when I come to think about it. When my father died, there was no such thing as pension so we had to do something to keep living. My mother borrowed a Buddhist Temple and there she sold antique things which my father had collected. I remember this vaguely because I was still a small girl then. I imagine that how my mother raised money for our livelihood.

I also remember Sino-Japan War. At that time I was in the second grade in elementary school. I used to make special clothes by cotton and sent them to the soldiers at the battle fields. Lots of people used to come to our house to do this. People were making button holes and everything there. So my mother was quite an active person. After that we moved to my uncle's place. Even though we moved to my uncle's place, my mother and her brother lived in separate places. I lived with my uncle. His wife's name was the same name as mine, Kazuko, but she died early. My uncle was taken care of by my mother. So he was very good to us. He used to call my mother "Onesan"(older



sister) and took care of her and me really well. When I was 19 years old, my mother died all of a sudden. Before the death of my mother my brother graduated from Doshisha University, and ~~we~~ he moved to Tokyo and Yokohama. When my mother died his teacher, Mr. Wine, came to visit us.

My brother had a sickness, edema and whenever he got sick Mr. Wine came and prayed for him. It was before my mother died, so my mother and I used to sit by them and said "Amen" at the end of a prayer. I didn't know anything about those things at that time.

My mother had a lot of nice looking cut glasses. We had all these nice things, but little by little we had to sell them. I suppose she had to sell them so that we would be able to live.

When we came to Yokohama my brother worked for the Franchise Tax, and my sister got married to one of his fellow workers. I used to go shopping and there was this old man who stopped me and asked me where my house was. He had a cane and actually he was a judge in Nagasaki. I didn't know anything about this, so I told him where I lived, and he came to see us suddenly. My mother was still alive and was quite surprised and asked me who he was. This man asked my mother if he could marry my sister.

Well, I ended up wearing a formal Kimono for the wedding ceremony of my sister and this man. You see, though he was a judge in Kagasaki, he came to Yokohama and worked at the Franchise Tax with my brother.



I used to run around all over the place so my mother used to say, "Oh, you are such a trouble maker." When we were in Yokohama we lived very close to the sea and we used to see foreigners, Caucasians, very often. Lots and lots of things happened there. When you asked me about the old time lots of memories come back to me.

Q. How old are you now?

A. 83 years old now. And this March 25 I will be 84.

Q. Do you remember the Russo-Japan War?

A. No. I don't really remember. I think I was in Yokohama, then, but I have a feeling that my mother and my sister were already passed on by that time. You know, my sister died leaving two children. I just can't remember the exact year though. I used to keep a diary.

Q. Do you still have the diary?

A. No. You see, we went to Camp in 1942 (and I don't know what happened to it afterward). When we went into the Camp, my son found a job in Chicago, so the head of the Camp allowed him to go out of it. We entered the Camp (Arizona) around July from Salinas and next March we left for Chicago. My two daughters, Osame and Yuki, also left the camp because they were going to attend a nursing school in Philadelphia.

Q. Do you remember anything about World War I or Manchurian event?

A. Well, my children weren't involved and I don't remember anything about these events. But I have something to tell you. You see, I came to Livingston in 1909. At that time I was pregnant with a son



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named Ryuzo. However, his father died before he was born. I tried to raise him. My husband, Mr. Minejima, died 6:15 am of the 4th of July 1911. He passed away at the California School of Medicine in San Francisco, the University Hospital. Mr. Junzo Nakamura who was my husband's cousin, took the remains of my husband back to Japan in the middle of September because there was no graveyard in Livingston. And of course the ancestors of my husband's family and his families were buried back there.

Mr. Junzo Nakamura came from Chiba Ken. His family was for generations ranked as the number one Samurai, Karo (Karo is title for a Samurai family who was the chief advisor to the Lord.) Mr. Nakamura was graduated from Waseda University, division of English, and he came to the US. He was in business in the beginning. After he took my husband's remains back to Japan he studied theology and became a Christian minister. When he came back to the US, he lived with a Caucasian family and studied English. In 1914, he became a minister of the church at 4th street in Sacramento, which was the beginning of the Parkview Presbyterian Church. His house was the church and was located right in between a gambling joint and a house of prostitution. I was baptized by him in 1915. After I was baptized by him I got married to Mr. Hayashi.

I want to tell you about this marriage. You see, I became a family member of the Minejima family. So Mr. Kyutaro Abiko, who was a good friend of my husband Mr. Minejima, took a good care of me as if I were their daughter.



Yes. I remember now. I was baptized by Mr. Nakamura on December 25th, 1914. At that time Mr. Nakamura's wife said that I did not know anything about the Bible, or the Church and she thought it was too early for me to be baptized. But Rev. Nakamura said it was my desire to be baptized, so he decided to baptize me. Mr. Sato and Mr. Miyoshi of Parkview were my witnesses.

After Mr. Nakamura came here, the first Christian church among Japanese people came into being. It has been twenty years since he passed away. Shuki, my son, was in his teens when Mr. Nakamura passed away. And I remember going to the funeral.

Well, my son Shuki did go to the funeral but I didn't because I had so many small children and I could not attend. You see, Rev. Nakamura used to work for Mitsubishi Corporation and drunk a lot. His wife gave his wife, Kozoye-san a real hard time. He used to get drunk, even after church and everything. After he became a minister he quit drinking, of course. Mrs. Nakamura's maiden name was Terasawa and I corresponded with her family. Their daughter was sent back to Japan to become evangelist. She was educated in Japan. This woman came back to Sacramento and worked as a minister, but soon she got married and resigned as a minister. When I think about that period many things come to my mind, in fact too many things.

Q. I would like to know more about your life in Japan, then we will come back to the things happened in Sacramento, is that OK?



A. When I was in Japan I worked very hard, just like a maid. I even did baby sitting. My oldest sister was quite a spoiled girl and she insisted she be allowed to go to school. So I had to stay home and worked for my mother.

Q. What do you remember most about happy or sad events which happened to you while you were in Japan?

A. I cannot think about it all of a sudden.

Q. How about the most difficult thing that you experienced?

A. The most difficult thing? The thing I suffered most--well, I cannot think of it. My mother used to say that I should have been born as a boy instead of a girl, so until I was 14 or 15 I wore boy's dress. When I was 14 I went to my uncle's place but I didn't remember real well about it. My other sister passed away when I was 4 years old. We had a funeral for her and there was a huge gong. You see Buddhist Temples used to have huge gongs. Even after the funeral we went to the Temple and asked priests to give some prayers but I cannot remember very well about that very well, since I was very small.

Q. Your father was a Shinto priest and why is it that your older sister's funeral was conducted in Buddhist tradition?

A. When my father died the funeral was conducted in the Kampei Taisha, but my sister married into a Buddhist family, so the ceremony was conducted according to the tradition of the house which was Buddhism. At that time my brother who attended Doshisha University was about 18 years old. The third sister was about 16. They all wore the costumes of Shintoism which were called Eboshi-Shitatare. All the



family members walked up to the hill top where the family graves were located. Shinto Shrine musicians came up there and played music of the traditional Shinto worship. I remember it was very short ceremony.

When my father received an order to become a priest at the Kampei Taisha, he had to go up on a deep mountain and live there, because that where the Shrine was located. Since my mother did not wish to live in the mountain she sent with him her maid whom she liked the most. My mother sent her with him into the mountain as a second wife so this woman was at the funeral, too. Well, they said if my mother weren't there they couldn't perform his funeral, so she had to climb up the mountain, although he had his second wife with him. We, children, were very small yet, but we all attended that ceremony.

My father's second wife had children, too, and there was a girl who was the same age as I was. I don't remember the name right now. When we came back from the funeral, my mother gave some money and valuable items and a portion of our property to her. My father used to have quite a treasure (treasures which came down from his ancestors and also these expensive things which he bought). My mother gave some of these things to her so that her children, my half sisters could go to schools. Because of this this girl who was the same age as I was, was able to graduate from a university for women and she lived in Osaka. She was well educated but her mother's name was not good name. I don't remember what it was. In any case she could not inherit the name of Ikeda (my father's name), you see. And if you don't have



a good family name you couldn't marry into a good family.

As you know, even if the woman had good education, if they found out that her mother was a second wife, they would say, "Your mother is a second wife!" You see, so she wouldn't be accepted very well by others, even though she might have a good education. Later I heard that she got married to a journalist. I don't know what happened to her though. You see I didn't have any education, but because I had this name "Ikeda", I was treated very well, I think.

Q. Your brother went to the Doshisha University, which was the Christian University. When he died what kind of funeral did they give him?

A. When he died his funeral was conducted in the Christian tradition. It was held in Osaka, and there were quite a few foreigners who came to the funeral. He had two boys and my sister-in-law went to the University in Osaka. It was a language school. The younger brother was said to have died when his ship sank in Japan Sea, somewhere near Shanghas. The older brother's name was Kazuo Ikeda. He too went through middle school and he also died of some kind of a sickness. After that my sister-in-law remarried and then I lost track of her. I remember that my sister-in-law played piano. She also took lessons and that was very rare thing at that time. She had an organ in her house, too. She used to teach me how to play on it.

Q. Your mother was the first one to come in contact with Christianity.

A. (I think so) because it was my mother who took my brother to Doshisha



University, which was a Christian university. So I couldn't help but to think that she must have been influenced by it. My brother was very close to teachers who were Christians and he associated with them even after he graduated from the University.

Q. Sakai was the place where hidden Christians (Kakure Kirishitan) lived, wasn't it?

A. Yes. I think so. I used to read about those people. But my parents weren't Christians. I was sure about that.

Q. I would like to ask you a question about the time you came to the United States. What was the reason for your leaving Japan?

A. Me? Well, I was in Tokyo and my brother's wife died all of a sudden with a child, so I live with him and his family. I took care of the house chores and the child. People used to think that I was his wife. My brother's name was Tomozo Ikeda. Actually at that time you didn't have to use Samurai name, that long name that Samurai used to have. I had another brother, the third, however, he did not go to school beyond the middle school. He worked for a company. When I came to the US, this brother was an executive in a textile company in Fukagawa, Tokyo. It was a company which made various textiles.

Around that time Mr. Kaneko, a nobleman, built the Bei-yu-kyokai which meant Japanese-American Friendship Society and when he built this society my brother was hired as an executive secretary of that Society and he had an office in his own house. It was there that



Mr. Giichi Minejima who just returned from America came to visit him. I suppose because of the nature of my brother's business, Mr. Minejima came to see him. I think it was 1909. Mr. Minejima came back to Japan, because his father was seriously ill. He wanted to come back to Japan before his father was dead. However, since he came back to Japan they told him to take a wife and go back to America. His father whose name was Rokuuyemon Minejima, was a member of a village council and was a very famous man.

Long time ago when Mr. Minejima was still in America he had a good friend whose name was Kinezuka. Mr. Minejima and Mr. Kinezuka became very ill and they almost died. At that time they helped each other. Ever since then they became just like brothers. Well, it was a high fever illness they say. When Mr. Kinezuka came back to Japan he built a huge hotel in front of a railroad station. It was called the Kinezuka Ryekan. It also had a restaurant with it. This man, Mr. Kinezuka, used to visit my brother at Bei-yu-kyokai and told him about Mr. Minejima. He also told my brother about the fact that Mr. Minejima was looking for a wife and would it be possible for him to send me to America with Mr. Minejima as his wife. Mr. Kinezuka came to visit my brother very often. He used to come over to my house and looked around very carefully. You see my brother didn't have a maid, either, but my brother said I better go to America. I was 24 years old then.

Well, actually there was already a discussion about a marriage



between me and a man from Kanagawa Ken. This man came from a very distinguished family. His family built a factory of Laquer. This is the factory which made many colors for Japanese dishes, containers and bowls. You see he had such a nice business so somebody recommended that I should marry him. At least so my brother was told. But then he used to say that he had such a high education and I didn't have any so I wouldn't be very happy. That's what I used to tell him, too. But this time he told me to go to America.

I told him, "My! I don't know anything about America, and I don't know how to speak English." However, my brother told me to go to Omiyai (the first meeting of the prospective bride and groom) any way. You see, that was the procedure for match making. So I went with him pretending that I was my brother's wife, but he introduced me to him as his sister. After that, conversation about our marriage advanced and June 15, 1909 we were married. You see, it was an old Japanese style marriage, so we had celebration and we exchanged "Yuino". That was a kind of a sign for our contract of marriage. Mr. Minejima's father's second wife brought a tremendous gift to me and also she brought "Montsuki" which I wore at the wedding.

His real mother could not come to the wedding so his second wife (Makake) came with his father. His father was a kind of a city council man so he used to have a very affluent life in the city. That's how we got married under Mr. Kinezuka's care. There was a wedding and also a reception. It took place in a large place. I understand that



Mr. Kyutaro Abiko got married in the same year in January, too.

His wife was a sister of a very famous woman who built Tsuda Eijiku (Tsuda English School). She was a very respectable woman, and these people came to our wedding.

As a preparation to go abroad, Mrs. Abiko made a Western style dress for me. I used to go to her home all the time. Her mother came from the Tokugawa family. In fact her father was a "Karo" (chief advisor to the Lord) to the Tokugawa Shogun. Mrs. Abiko's sister made an embroider and gave that to my daughter Osame. She still has that somewhere. She also took care of me very well later.

We left Japan in July. ~~At that time~~ picture brides were very popular. Mr. Minejima, my husband's father, was a friend of a ~~person who worked~~ for the Department of Foreign Affairs of Japanese Government. Because of this friend, all the necessary documents including pass port were prepared very quickly. The name of the ship was Siberia Maru. Because we could not afford the first class fair, we came on the second class. It was not a private room, ~~and~~ we all slept in the same room. Those room mates got sea sick on the way, however I was very healthy, so I took care of them. When we came to San Francisco, an executive officer of the Immigration Office came to welcome us. He was a white man. He said, "Oh, you came back!" He shook hands with my husband, and he did not go through the luggage that carefully. They used to check people's possessions very carefully, though. After that we stayed in San Francisco one week, and then I had to make a dress, Western



style dress, at the dress shop. It was very difficult to fit into a dress by myself. Then we came to Livingston.

Q. What is the meaning of "Yuino"?

A. "Yuino"? Before they get marry, they used to bring money, a dowry. It could be money, and/or sake which were brought by "Nakaudo" (a go-between).

Q. You mean both families give each other money?

A. No. It was done by the groom's family to the bride's. At that time they brought some sake, too. They also brought "Mokureku" which was the contract of marriage. It was a kind of marriage certificate brought by the "Nakaudo". You see, it was given to us by Mr. Minejima's father's second wife who lived in the town. The first wife lived in the village with her husband, who could not come into the town. You see, my father-in-law was a kind of a village councilman. His second wife took me around to see his side of relatives and the dignitaries whom he thought I should meet.

Q. What was the "Yuino" which was brought to your family?

A. Oh. "Yuino" was a material for a "Mentsuki" (a formal costume); it was the lavender colored thin material for summer, and white underwear. It was not put together so I had to sew it together. My mother used to teach me how to sew and crochet, so I could do it by myself. My sister used to teach sewing, but after she died I had to take over



her job as a teacher. There were 10 to 15 students who came to her house.

Q. If you bought the material, how much would it cost?

A. At that time it must cost him a several thousand yen. It had "Mon" (a family seal), the sign of the seal was the leaves of Tsuda plant, which incidentally was the same sign with Ikeda's. I wore this dress for the wedding.

You see, Kimono is very long and also very difficult to walk in it. So my brother taught me how to walk in Kimono. Difficulties were that you might step on the end of Kimono and trip on it.

So we got married, came to San Francisco, and went to Livingston. We arrived at Livingston by train. To my surprise, when I arrived at Livingston, it was such a wild and vast area, it was almost a frightening sight. It was very terrible.

Q. I would like to ask you about Livingston, later. But for now I would like to ask you about the things that happened on the ship. Were there many picture brides came to the States with you?

A. Yes. It was the second rate room, you see. You see beds all over the place. These were bunk beds. When you go to bathroom, you sit on the pot in America. These people did not know how to use it and it was very difficult for them. Well, I did not know too much but I could teach them a few things.



I used to serve them meals, too, when they were weak with sea sick. They brought the food into the room, but we had to serve ourselves. I worked very hard during this trip. When I left ship I was able to leave earlier than they did, so I could not talk to them afterwards. When we came to Livingston, I had to begin with cleaning old fashion lamps.

Q.<sup>3</sup> When you left Japan what kind of place did you think America was?

A.<sup>2</sup> Well, my brether used to tell me about America. You see, when I was in Tokyo we had electricity and all other modern things including telephone. We had two telephones; one in the house and one in the office. My brether told me, "If you go to America they are building Japan village. So you must work very hard." He also said, "It is quite an honor and privilege to be able to go abroad, so Kazuko you better go."

At that time I did not have my mother anymore. One of my brothers was also gone. The third brother was the one who was telling me these things. You see as for myself, I did not know how to work when I came to the USA. But I was so overjoyed by the fact that I was able to have my own husband that I did not have time to think about the hardships which I must face in the near future. It might sound too far fetched, but this is the true story.

My husband was a head of the village. Whenever I had to go to the town, I had to walk about 20 miles. They had all kinds of things there. There was a school in front of the store there. Every



Christmas season they had party. I used to bring my ~~Kindnes~~ and put it on these white people. There was a couple whose name was Mr.<sup>3</sup> and Mrs. Naka.<sup>3</sup> Mrs. Naka and I went to attend the school.

Once I went to shoping.<sup>3</sup> I wanted to buy a bottle of ink.<sup>3</sup> I asked for ink, but the store keeper gave me eggs.<sup>3</sup> We used to have hundreds of chickens and we had more than enough eggs at home. That store keeper put them in a bucket and gave them to me. You see I could not say no.<sup>4</sup> So I had to take home bucketful of eggs. That store was just like the one in Disneyland; they used to have everything.<sup>5</sup>

In any case, because my husband was the head of the village, I had to accompanmy my husband to go various places.<sup>6</sup> I had to meet a judge's wife, one time.<sup>7</sup> I did not know anything about American custom so when she stuck her hands out I did mine in the same way and ended up shaking hands with her.<sup>8</sup>

I used to go to school very often.<sup>9</sup> It was very close to our house. Mr. Naka was a teacher in one of the Agricultural schools in Japan, so he taught me all kinds of things about farming.<sup>10</sup>

Mr.<sup>11</sup> Minejima, my husband, had quite a respect for Luther Burbank.<sup>12</sup> He always wanted to name his own son, Ryuzo, after him.<sup>13</sup> (Luther and Ryuzo might sound quite different for English speaking people, but for Japanese speaking people these two sound very much similar.<sup>14</sup> It is also understood here that they hope for the great future



for the Japanese village, because the characters include words such as to stand, village and also gold.)

All the book my husband had were in English. Before he came to Livingston he was in Utah working for a sugar company. He was a kind of foreman. He introduced many Japanese workers to the company. He was sort of a leader. He also worked for the railroad, too. He really worked hard for Japanese people because he found jobs for them.

Rev. Junzo Nakamura was a former businessman, so he helped business end. As for myself I did not know anything about business so I kept up with correspondence with people in Japan. I used to take lessons in Japanese brush writing for the purpose of writing letters.

My husband began to feel very bad, so he went to see a doctor in Turlock. We did not have a car so he was brought to a doctor on a horse buggy. But the result was not good. He could not sleep at night and we thought we had to do something for him. So those people in the village got together and collected some money for him though they did not have too much, and told us to take him to the University Hospital in San Francisco. I remember it was over \$100 which they collected at that time. It was in 1909. So we put him on the train and brought him over to the hospital.

The people whom Mr. Minejima took care heard about him and sent him



\$100 and \$50. It was a big sum of money, then. Mr. Nakamura was then in Los Angeles. He had left Utah by that time. After Mr. Minejima entered the hospital they took many X rays and performed many tests on him. They thought it was the cancer of the throat. Yes. They made an incision in his throat. A doctor said it was Cynolma. Mr. Minejima's brother was a surgeon, the first graduate of the Medical School in Chiba University. His name was well known among surgeons. This man sent me a letter. At that time I did not understand the progress. I don't remember where Mr. Nakamura stayed with us or not, but I stayed with Abiko family. I used to take a street car to see him everyday. However, it was very difficult for me, so a student who was living with Abiko family used to take me to the hospital. It was very inconvenient for everybody. So I moved into a hotel which was owned by Japanese people. From there I walked to the hospital with Mr. Nakamura, because he came to pick me up every morning.

At that time I was 5 months pregnant. It was 1911, I think it was summer time, too. Once I became very ill. I was in an extraordinary condition. I was examined by a gynecologist. I had to ask him to visit me, and he said it was not too serious. He said it was the usual thing which happened during the first pregnancy. So that night I could not see him, though I went to see him every day till that time. I went to see him on the night of July third. At that time he could not see me very well. He was trying to reach for a



handkerchief but he could not find it, thought it was on the bed. His throat was swollen and it was very hard.

Early next morning while I was still sleeping in the hotel, I remember it was a very foggy morning, somebody knocked on the door. I'm sure it was in the dream. But someone called me by my name, "Kazu, Kazu". So I woke up and ran to the door, but I could not see any one there. It was then 15 minutes before 6:00am. Mr. Abiko and Mr. Saburo Nedaoto, who were very famous men who planed rice in Celusa for the first time, came to see me at the hotel room. So I said, "Is there anything happen to him?" They said, "Mrs Minejima, don't be surprised. This morning at 15 mi. before 6:00am Mr. Minejima passed away." I thought it was a very strange thing at that time, because it was the same time that someone should call me. They said I was in the very important condition, so they took me out of that hotel, sent telegrams to important people.

Those people whom Minejima had taken care of sent me lots of money; \$100, \$50 and \$70 and so on. It was lots of money at that time. The only means of transportation available ~~at that~~ <sup>at that</sup> time was a horse buggy. We had to take that to San Mateo if we wanted to go there. However, when my husband died automobile became available for the first time so we drove that to San Mateo. I was held by Mrs. Abiko and Mrs. Teragawa and went to the funeral. It was held in a church close to the Sutter (in San Francisco). I wore a black dress, but they said that I needed a black hat, so we went to buy a hat. A store owner



felt sorry for me and said it was too bad for such a young woman to lose a husband. So he gave me a discount. At the funeral we took a memorial picture. Oh. There were quite a few people there.

Then we went to San Mateo, there we had to cremate him, then we took the ashes to Japan, because there was no cemetery in Livingston. At that time the automobile which we rode had a glass window all around us. The Council General was Mr. Yamanaka at that time. His father was a newspaper man. He told me later, "Oh. At that time I thought you looked very beautiful." After everything was over we came back (to San Francisco). At that time there was a bank called Nichibei Ginko. There was a man called Mr. Umetaro Minaka, who was the President of the bank. At that time there was a rule that a President of a bank could not own any stock of the bank. But he owned it anyway in my husband's name. He took me around to see people. It is a Japanese custom to do that. Its purpose was to greet them and thank them for their concern, care and gifts that family had received.

Even after I came back to Livingston, he took care of me. Well, that judge's wife came out to see me and extended words of condolence, I think. It must have been. I did not understand anything, so I just kept my head down.

They said that a woman should not live in a big house by herself. So neighbors' wives used to come and stay with me. They were very considerate.



By the time we came back to Livingston, it was already in late September. In Livingston we were cared for by the Minamis. We stayed with them, too. In the meantime I caught some disease and I was shivering very badly, and a doctor had to come and check me over. He seemed to think it was Malaria. It was feared that the baby might be infected by the disease. The baby was supposed to be born in late October, but during the midnight of early October the baby was born one month early. Since the baby was premature he did not know how to suck a nipple and they made something that looked like a nipple to feed him.

But the baby boy did not know how to suck it. He did not even have any eyebrows. There was a man called Nobutada Sato, who was a Christian. At that time we were staying with his family. His wife used to work for the Red Cross in Japan. ~~She was~~ <sup>she was</sup> superintendent of the Red Cross. Her husband's job was to bring American patients back to the States from Japan and she was stationed in the Immigration Office. I suppose the Red Cross nurses were working for the Immigration Office. Mr. Sato met his wife through their job.

It was ~~in~~ January of the next year when this happened. I was still with the Sates. One day I took the baby out and was walking around the house. Then all of sudden I saw a sort of red thing coming out of the roof. People used to burn paper and wood in a stove, so the fire must have spread from there. Sates also had a ~~small~~ girl and she used to walk with us around the house. Both were toddlers, a



a little over one year. So I held both of them in my arms and ran away from the house. At that time I had about 500 dollars in cash which was sent to me by my friends for the death of my husband. in the house. Mr. Sato used to keep it for me. All these things were burned to ashes. All my possessions were burned to the ground and I did not have anything left except one suitcase. I used to put very important things in this suitcase. It has in it things which I brought from Japan, ornaments and some precious stones.

Things which were made of metals did not burned. There was a knife which my father-in-law gave us when we left Japan, or a small sword which he said that in case things did not go well with us we should commit suicide (harakiri) with it. The blade still remained.

Mr. Sato and all the other people got together for a discussion. They had to consult about the future of our family. They thought that I should not stay in Livingston, since my husband was no longer with me and I've got a little child and the work there was too rough.

There was a man by the name of Junzo Fujihira, who was the President of a bank in San Francisco. This man was related to me in a round about way, because my sister married a man who worked in the Franchise Tax Office in Japan and he was the son of the brother of my sister's husband. This man was a captain of a ship which commuted between Japan and the United States. He knew that I was in America, but he did not have contact with me till that time. He was carrying a message of greetings from my folks in Japan, but he hadn't have a chance to relay it to me. The village people decided that this man, Mr. Junzo Nakamura should be the adviser for me. The



Reverend Junzo Nakamura was also one of the advisers and the third one was Mr. Matsunesuke Tsukamoto, who died recently. One of his sons is an Episcopalian minister now. His first son has opened a laundry and he is still in the business.

I remember now that there was five people who were asked to be my advisers. The other man was Mr. Hisayoshi Terazawa. Mr. Fujihira decided that my son and I should move to San Francisco and stay with him. We stayed with his family for over one year. My son was walking around busily, and my friend Mr. Minabe took me to the station and saw me off. He told us that when we got to San Francisco station Mr. Fujihira would be there to take us home.

You know I did not have very much when I came to the States, but after the fire, even that small amount of possessions were burned to ashes. The only thing I had in the whole world was this small suitcase and some documents. These were the only things I had in the whole world. I took these things and left for San Francisco.

Well, when I arrived at San Francisco, Mr. Abiko, and a student was waiting for me, so I went to Mr. Abiko's house first. I stayed with them for a few days, and then we went to Mr. Fujihira's house. Well, Mrs. Fujihira was such a respectable woman and they told me that Mrs. Fujihira was the only daughter of a very wealthy man in Tokyo.

Mr. Fujihira was a Christian. His wife made a room for me on the third floor of their house. From there I could see the Golden Gate



Bridge really well. It was such a good sight to see from there. The house was so large that if I left my room, I was lost and could not find my way back to the room. Mr. Fujihira was very glad to see me. Mrs. Fujihira told me that she was going to consider me as her sister, so I should make myself at home and ask anything I wanted. She had a 14 years old girl, and one of the boys was going to Kinmen Gakuen Elementary School. He was about a half year younger my son, Ryuze. The Kinmen-Gakuen School was built around that time and they took care of my son really well. They invited teachers from Japan, but some of them did not have anyplace to stay. Since Mr. Fujihira's house was large, he invited him to stay with him, too.

This teacher was supposed to be a domestic teacher for his son, for his room and board. Mr. Fujihira also had a maid who worked inside of the house. She was a college graduate in Japan. There were two cooks in the kitchen and there were students who stayed with him to attend colleges. So there were many boarders in his house. The first few nights I ate dinner with Mr. Fujihira and his wife. However it was so embarrassing for me to have dinner with his family, because he was such a respectable man. So I asked Mrs. Fujihira if I could eat dinner with the maids and the workers. They said that I shouldn't feel that way and they still wanted me to eat dinner with them.

However I told them Ryuze might be able to eat with them, but as for me, I would rather eat with the maids and other workers. So







they let me do that. I made children's clothes and things like that. One day I was ironing in the kitchen and a cleaner came in wondering why the Fujihiras hadn't sent laundry. He said, "Now I see. You are the one doing all these things by yourself!!" He laughed about that.

Mrs. Fujihira used to take care of me really well. I did not know how to take a bus, or tram cars, or cable cars, but you know, Mrs. Fujihira sent one of three students with me to go anywhere. In 1915 there was a world's fair in San Francisco and Abikes had so many guests from Japan. They wanted some helpers, so Mrs. Abiko came over and asked whether my son and I could come over and stay and help. Since Mrs. Abiko asked me about this, I decided to go and help her. At that time the Fujihiras were moving to some other place, in any case, so I moved back to Abikes again.

While I was staying with the Abiko's, my marriage with Mr. Hayashi began to be talked about. You know, I have had tragedies, but then people took care of me so well that I was able to overcome them. I will never forget these people who helped me and I want to thank them for what they had done for me. But since they are not here anymore, I am doing small things as much as I can for other people. And truly, when I think about these times, ~~I don't believe~~ that God must have been leading my way. He has blessed my life and I am very grateful for all he had done for me.



Q. Have you ever been discriminated or hurt by white Americans, since you came to the United States?

A. I don't remember anything like that. Livingston was a very wild and ~~poor~~ land, but the people there were all Christians, so we were able to live a normal life there.

Q. Would you please tell me about living conditions in Livingston?

A. I came to Livingston about the time when there was an earthquake in San Francisco. At that time lumber was so expensive that people could not afford to buy them. So they built their own houses. When you came into the room, you could see holes here and there on the walls and you could see your neighbors who lived in the room next door. Our life there began with this kind of living conditions. White people were very kind to us. You see, Mr. Minejima was the village chief, so it had something to do with it, I suppose. The mailman used to bring mails everyday for everybody to my house. So on the way back from the fields, villagers (Japanese) used to pick them up. When they had problems, everybody used to get together in my house to talk about them. It was one of the functions of the village chief, to preside over these discussions or talk-overs.

I guess, I did not know anything at that time. We had no money to buy wood to burn, so we used to save all the twigs and branches which came from pruning trees and vines. We didn't have a stove, gas nor electric, we had a pit where we burned these twigs and wood to make "Udon" or rice. We also had a coed, a good friend of Mr. Minejima, for a long long time. (In the begining everybody used to eat together.)



Q. You mean everybody in the village ate together?

A. Well, no. I am talking about my household. You see, we had about three families who worked for us. So the cook had to make food for these people. As for myself, my husband bought me a gasoline stove. I used to make cake with it. I used to learn how to make cakes in Japan, but my cooking did not go as well as I thought it would. One day people gathered for a discussion at my house. I was trying to ~~bake a cake~~ for them, but I forgot to put baking soda in, so I had to serve a cake which was flat. Though it was flat and hard, people ate my cake. People used to get together at my house very frequently.

Q. What were discussion topics?

A. I don't really know the precise content of them, but I imagine it was about business, farming and things like that. You see, we did not have much income, so they talked about that often. We planted asparagus, sweet potatoes. They used to say that Livingston grew the best sweet potatoes in the whole world. Asparagus is a very delicate plant. They used to plant it in rows of six feet wide. We used to raise sweet potato seedlings, young sweet potato plants, and oh, it was exciting. It was quite a living there. I learned how to plant sweet potatoes and worked in the fields.

I didn't have a child for over a year. I became pregnant in the beginning of 1911. I used to work really hard and a foreman used to tell me what I should do. He used to tell me, "Do this. Do that." Mr. Minejima had another patch of sweet potatoes in Stockton. You know, the Potato King, Mr. Ushijima, don't you? They tell me that



Mr. Minejima used to compete with Mr. Ushijima in the production of potatoes. They used to send potatoes out by carloads. The year I came to the States the price of potatoes came down, so Mr. Minejima lost some money on potatoes. And after that he became sick, so I really don't what happend to that land. In any case I had to learn from the beginning; how to make seedlings, plant young potato plants, and how to harvest them.

Q. All these village people, did they all have family there?

A. Yes.

Q. How about the farming land. Did they belong to individual people?

A. Yes. These people used to own about 30 or 40 acres. There were those who owned hundreds of acres, too. There were many there, but most of them had passed away.

In 1942 we entered the Camp. I went to a Camp in Arizona from Salinas. In the beginning we were put in an Assembly Center. At Salinas it was a horse racing track. They made temporary housing there and we were put in them. In the Assembly Center they told us that at least one person in the family must work. So my first daughter, who just visited me recently, was in her second year of college. She became a head of a research department. I think it was to research and register all the family names and also the members of each family. She used to work all night long because of the large number of families there.

It began in the beginning of July, but then we were told that we were



going to be moved to Arizona. However, my daughter's job had to be completed, so our family were left till the very end. When we arrived at Arizona all the girls, ~~and the boy who died in Italy during the War~~, and I were the only ones who did not get sick. This boy graduated from high school in Camp. He was the only one who was allowed to visit the girls in hospital. The other boy got sick too.

The first girl had a high temperature and was almost unconscious. If they had laid her on the floor, she would not know where she was. She did not know what was happening about her. All the girls had such a high temperature that they had to put ice on their foreheads. Doctors told me that they were in a very critical condition and their lives were at stake. One day one of the girls' condition became so critical that some one came to pick me up with a truck.

When the first girl got sick no one was able to take her job, so things got behind and it was very difficult for her even after he became well. Even after she was discharged from the hospital she had to stay in bed for several days. I used to take her out for a walk. We really worried about her. Soon after that people brought books to her, and he used to help them (with their jobs). When she became well, the manager of the Camp told her that there was a job in Philadelphia. So she took the job and left for the job.

After that, the second girl and the third girl self the Camp. Then the last girl applied for nursing school in Philadelphia. She was accepted there, so she left the Camp. However, she had to wait



for their reply for a long time. The deadline was approaching and we thought that we should hear something about it. Well, we heard from them that afternoon at 3:00pm. We received a telegram. So the youngest daughter and the other sister left the camp together. My son and the eldest one had left the Camp already to go to school.

I left the Camp, too. I went to Chicago where my daughter lived. However, it was very difficult to find an apartment. There were lots of apartments in the northern area of Chicago, but they did not rent to Japanese. Finally we were able to find a nice place. It was a very nice place. It even looked very high class apartments, but the rent was so expensive that we could not stay there too long. It was right in front of Lake Michigan and lots of rich people lived there. Reverend Taketa of Watsonville was living close by and I attended the Japanese Presbyterian Church in Chicago. Mrs. Ijima was there, too, and she used to come to visit me very often.

Q. ~~Do you remember anything~~ which happened in the Camp?

A. There were a few groups of people there. People from Salinas belonged to one group. There were lots of things happened there. Well, everybody there seemed to be selfish and concerned with their own things and these things made it very difficult for everybody. As for myself, I tried to avoid sitting together with them (troublemakers) and talk about someone else's matters, gossiping and so on.



Q. Do you remember any specific things that they talked about?

A. Buddhist people used to talk about a lot of things. Well, I'll tell you one thing. I used to do the knitting any my neighbors used to come and test me by asking whether I could do this or that. But I was able to do all the things that they knew. I wouldn't be able to tell you their names. I have forgotten that myself. But anyhow, they used to get into cliques and they went to the laundry together. You see, we had to do that at one place in the Camp. I didn't want to belong to these cliques, so I used to go to it very early in the morning to do my wash. If not early in the morning, then I would go late at night, where there were no other people. Otherwise I had to get involved with their conversation and things like that get really touchy. So I didn't want to get involved in these things. I tell you one thing, though, that Christian people were very clean when it comes to matters like that. They did not get into this kind of ugly conversation about other people.

Well, I did belong to other groups like knitting and things like that. There were also English classes. At that time I did go to English class there. A white man used to teach us English. After he left the Camp, a woman who had graduated from a woman's university in Japan became our teacher. I still keep correspondence with her.

Q. Your sons and daughters left the Camp early. Did any other people say something about that?



A. Yes. They might have said something about us, however, I didn't hear anything directly. When my youngest daughter and I left the Camp people laughed at us.

Q. Why?

A. They said, "What are you going to do outside? If you stay in the Camp, they will feed you and it is so comfortable here. Are you looking for trouble outside?" So they laughed.

Q. When did you come out of the Camp?

A. Well, we came in on the 4th of July, 1942, and at the end of that year we left the Camp.

Q. Oh, you mean you came out of the Camp that early! The you didn't stay there more than three months.

A. Yes. That is correct. Well, we have to leave the Camp because my sons and daughters were attending schools. The third girl was a very good student. I've forgotten now, but at that time she received a hundred dollar check to study outside of the Camp. It was a white man, I believe. There was also a white woman by the name of Miss Owen, or something, who used to visit the Camp very often. She was a good friend of Mrs. Abiko. Because we were Mrs. Abiko's friend we became very good friend with her.

Q. Did you children go to segregated schools?

A. Well, no. When we were still living in Salinas there was a woman by the name of Mrs. Nishi. She used to teach Japanese there, so after



church we used to eat lunch in the car, went to her house. My children learned Japanese there.

Q. At that time your children went to school with Caucasian students. Is that right?

A. Yes.

Q. You had a very difficult time finding an apartment in Chicago.

A. Yes. We had a very difficult time. You know, my first daughter was looking for an apartment and finally she had to look for a very expensive place. That's how she found that expensive apartment in front of Lake Michigan. The apartment owner was a woman and she used to send us a Christmas card every year. However, we missed it for the first time this year. So, I'm sure she passed away.

This lady liked my daughter and took care of her really well. When my son got married, this lady wanted them to come over and get married in her apartment. She was very good to me, too. She was a widow then. She used to have a house worker. This worker used to clean every room. But I couldn't speak English well, so I used to clean up my apartment all by myself. Only two persons should live in an apartment, so we have to live in two apartments. I think the rent was \$37 per room. In any case, she used to save lots of money because I did my own cleaning in the room. So this lady liked us very much.

In 1946 my son came back from overseas. He had been going with a young lady for a long time, so they decided to get married. When



they get married, their reception was held in this land lord's room. We invited a minister of a white Presbyterian Church in the neighborhood. They had a manager by the name of Bob, and he was very good to us, too.

After the youngest daughter graduated from nursing school, she worked in a very large Methodist hospital. She worked there a long time. She had to take the bus to go there. I think it was about \$10 a fare. She didn't want to spend the \$10, so she walked to work. One day she came home from work crying. She said, "I don't want to go back to work there anymore. They use me like a slave." The first daughter said to her, "Maybe you shouldn't think of it that way. Maybe you were asked to do things, because you do them well." And she encouraged her to go back to work.

It took about 30 minutes to walk to the hospital. There weren't very many people walking in front of the Lake. Soon after that she became a head nurse. When she was promoted, she came home and told us what happened at the hospital. Her sister said, "See, I told you that." Well, even after she became a head nurse, the work was very tough. It was even tougher.

During these days I wasn't feeling very well. My son insisted that I should have a complete examination. However, doctors could not find anything wrong with me, except that I was anemic. I think it was about 1945.



Many things happend around that time. My third daughter entered the school of nursing of Columbia University. My son was very lonesome because he lost his brother. My son had a friend, Mr. D. who used to come over to his apartment very often. ~~Mr. D. was still~~ going on and it was very difficult to by things like butter. So I used to take butter an meat to my son. Well, he used to tell me that Mr. D. used to come over and eat all these things up. Things went very well with my son, though. He got a job in the university and his wife was about to graduate with a major in child psychology. ~~My first daughter~~ opened ~~a nursing home~~ with her husband.

Seen my son wanted to come back to California, so we ~~came back to~~ ~~archoud State.~~ It was about 1946 when my youngest daughter and Mr. D. started going together. The manager, Bob, used to tell me, "Oh, they're going to get married soon." Before they get married, Mr. D had ~~started~~ overseas duty, so she was able to enter University of Minnesota. My youngest daughter went with him. It was 1947, I believe. Well, actually my first daughter got married to Mr. A, and the third daughter entered the Columbia University.

Well, in Minnesota, they said that a person without a university degree couldn't become a head nurse. They said it was a law. However, my youngest daughter worked very hard even after she got married. At that time she made a good many, and was able to buy some furniture. However, she ~~missed~~ a chance to go to university. Well, as for their ~~third~~ daughter, she was able to graduate from Columbia University



and was able to wear a beautiful cap and gown. Mr. D was able to earn a master's degree and they all graduate. In 1949 we all joined Mr. D in Minnesota. It was a very very cold place. It was colder than Chicago. During that time my anemic condition improved. It took about four years to get well from it completely.

I attended a church there. Rev. Daisuke Kitagawa was the minister. He worked very hard there and he was so helpful that the Government awarded him a citizenship. He build a center for Japanese Americans with the help of Episcopalian Church. My son and daughter volunteered to work there.

The third daughter worked in a coronary unit in a hospital. They say that it was a rich people's hospital. While she was working in the hospital that a few scenes for TV program. You know TV was not as wide wide spread as it is now. In any case my daughter came on the picture. It was very exciting. Rev. Kitagawa used to praise her very much. He seem to think that because of her hard work they were able to build the special coronary unit. She earned a quite bit of salary there.

Q. Yesterday was Dec. 7th, the day the Pearl Harbor was attacked by the Japanese Air Force. When you heard about the attack for the first time how did you feel?

A. Well, we were at the church that day and Rev. Neji came out and said that the Japanese airplanes had dropped bombs on Pearl Harbor. He



came out to see us off and told us that something was going to happen to us. Well, soon after that, we got the notice that we had to be evacuated from the West Coast. Even before that, they said that there were many spies in the USA. I read somewhere that a man by the name of Tanaka was spying in the United States. They also said that a few spy ships were sunk around Hawaii.

Q. When you heard about the news, how did you feel?

A. Well, I thought, "Oh, the war is going to begin between Japan and the United States." That's all we thought about at the time. I could not think about the effect of the war ~~in the~~ on us. It was beyond me. The best I could do was to work hard at the job I was doing. Soon, I was told about evacuation.

Q. When you heard that you had to evacuate, how did you feel?

A. Well, it was very difficult. I had to close our house. My son was in the University of California at Berkeley at that time. He was in his second year. You see, he was the head of the family, and he had to worry about the household. He had to come home and round up things we had to take with us. He really worried about the house. We used to send all kinds of cookies and candies to him every week. He came home on the weekends and looked after the things. He was the one who brought home the notice of evacuation. You see, he was the head of the household, so he had to worry about everything. He worried that we had no money to take with us to the Camp. When he was late coming home, we worried that he had been picked up by the American military or something. Well, I could not even express how I felt about that.



You know Mr. Kenzo Yoshida, don't you. He used to own a land there in Watsonville. There was an empty house on the land, so he told us to come and live in it. Well, he had about 20 acres there to grow lettuce. He was the principal of the Sunday school of the Watsonville Church.

So my son fixed the house up. He fixed toilet seats that were broken. There was no gas in the house, so we bought a gasoline stove to cook. Well, this gasoline stove used to heat up a tank of water, so we could take baths. In any case, we worked very hard to fix that house. It was ~~was~~ very cold and shabby house, but finally we made it into a beautiful living place.

(While we were waiting) my son used to get small jobs here and there. He always said, "Mama you don't have any money." Soon we heard the notice of relocation. All the things which we fixed up had to be wasted there. So I said to my son, "We better sell some of these things." However, he said, "Well, Mama people won't buy anything from Japanese." One day we went to buy a suitcase but those people didn't sell it to us. It really made it difficult for us. We had to take piano and other important things to WRA. One of our daughters used to play the piano at that time. We took many many things to the WRA. ~~in the WRA.~~

You see, we had many children and they ate a lot, so I used to can a lot of things. So I had many cans stored up. They were one gallon cans, and all these foods had to be wasted away. We just left them there. We used to buy wood for burning, a whole year's supply, and that had



to be left there, too.

We had a car. We used to use a lot of gasoline to go to school and work. We used to have a 100 gallon tank for gasoline. We had it in our yard. We had to leave these behind, too. One of my sons wanted to save up some money so he worked for Montgomery Ward. His job was to demonstrate irons and other things to customers. Finally the evacuation came. My son thought that if we gave away these things which we could not take with us, then they might give them back when we return. However, we had to throw away lots and lots of things.

After we entered the Camp, my son taught high school. I found out that my son was Mr. Oki's teacher. When I came to Parkview Presbyterian Church, Mr. Oki asked me who I was. He said, "What is your name, please?" So I said, "Hayashi". He said, "Do you have a son by the name of Shuki?" I said, "Yes". He said, "Oh, he was my teacher in the Camp." He worked as a teacher and he received \$16 a month.

Q. Do you remember other things which happened before you went to the Camp?

A. Well, when we went to Church we found out that the Pearl Harbor was bombed by Japanese airplane. After the service people got together and talked about what might happen to Japanese people. These church elders told us not to worry about anything because we were going to be evacuated as a group and we will be taken care of.



Mr. Hayashi's grave was in Salinas. You see, Mrs. Abiko became my "Sato", which means "being in place of a mother". So she acted as my mother and she married me off to Mr. Hayashi. Mr. Hayashi was the first man who became successful in raising lettuce in Salinas around 1923. Salinas is a little colder place than Sacramento. He made many experiments; he planted lettuce in the sun, or shade, or in hothouse, and other places. He did all kinds of things and finally he succeeded in raising lettuce in that region. Even after that it took him long time to grow good lettuce.

After he succeeded in growing lettuce, he had to confront the problem of marketing. So he consulted Mr. Tajima, who had a packing house in Watsonville. This man encouraged Mr. Hayashi. He told my husband that it was a good idea, and he helped him to build a packing house. Mr. Hayashi also had cauliflower besides the lettuce. My husband also loved children. On Valentine's day he used to come home to have lunch with my children who came home with Valentine's cards.

However, Mr. Hayashi met a tragic death, just like my first husband, Mr. Minejima. A railroad used to pass through the entrance into our field. As you know we could not buy land, so all Japanese were sharecroppers, and this land belonged to a man who also owned a land in Stockton. I've forgotten his name just now. In any case he was very good to my husband, and my husband was very good to him, too. He owned a packing house. He used to have about 15 workers in the packing house, and had about 30 farmhands. Oh, yes. I remember his name, now; his name was Patrick.



Well, the day Mr. Hayashi died was the first day our cauliflower was being packed. They used to make small bundles of it, and put them in small boxes. They said that they couldn't even put a dozen of those bundles in a box (because it was such a nice and big thing). So you had to have a specially trained person to pack these things. My husband used to send them out by airplanes.

That day he was very busy. He got up 3:00 in the morning to do ~~something~~. He drove a Chevrolet truck which had a sort of canvas cover over it. He must have been very tired, so he was not aware of the fact that there was a 8:45 train which passed our field every morning. That train had hundreds of cars that morning.

I remember Ryuzo was about 14 years old. All of a sudden the train stopped and make a huge noise like an earthquake. I heard the noise, but I was totally unaware of what was happening. I heard the noise and went out of the house to see what was happening. I did see the train which had stopped unexpectedly. I saw many white people who had gathered around the train. There were so many people there that I was very surprised.

I also began to worry about my husband, because it was the time when he usually came home. I hoped that he wasn't hurt or had any accident. About 10:30 am, Mr. Hayashi's older brother who used to live across the river came in with the landlord, Mr. Patrick. When they came in Mr. Patrick said, "We couldn't do anything to help him." Then the



manager came to see after that. After all these people left I began to think many many things.

The word spread and friends and relatives and people from Kagoshima Ken began to gather at the house. They expressed their heartfelt condolences to us. We had to get ready for his funeral. As for me, I had to get ready for the funeral and I was such an oldfashioned lady that I had to get dark dresses for the girls and myself. I went to town and saw a Japanese tailor by the name of Mr. Takeshita. Ryuzo was the only one who could drive, besides my husband, so he took us to the funeral and places where we had to go (according to the custom). We went through the funeral with confusion and much sorrow. The son who died during the war was in my womb and was born after the death of his father.

Well now, I had to begin my life without a husband again. I did many things which I did not know before and was not accustomed to. I sent my children to school. I said prayers before each meal. On Sundays I sent them to Sunday School. Our church was in Salinas, so we had to take the bus. Everytime we took bus with 4 or 5 children, we had to pay \$2.00 for bus fare. It wasn't too economical, so we had to do something about that.

There was a man whose name was Mr. F., and was a life insurance agent. This man told us that there was a second hand car for about \$100, and was supposed to be a very good buy. But the thing was that



one of the windows of the car did not work. On the second thought it was the only thing lacking about this car. He brought the car to us and we decided to buy it. Ryuzo drove this car to take all the children to go Sunday school. Well, the window was not the only problem it had. We had to spend a lot of money to fix this old car. So we had to something about this car.

There was a man by the name of Mr. Stewart who was Mr. Patrick's manager. He said to me, "Mrs. Hayashi, you ought to buy a new Ford." He said that his friend was a Ford dealer and could give a good deal. After that car broke down, Mr. Stewart took my children to Sunday School, so I talked to my son about the car. Ryoze said, "Oh, we should buy the car so that we can go to church every Sunday by ourselves.

There was a man by the name of Sugahara who was a life insurance agent. Our insurance for Minejima had not been paid yet. He worked very hard to get the insurance paid to us. I think it was about \$1,000 at that time. So we bought a new car with this money. If we paid cash, the car would be very cheap, and it was about \$800. So we paid the money, but the dealer told us that something had happened and we had to pay \$60 more. This \$60 could be paid on a monthly payment basis.

You know, I send Chapel Chimes weekly bulletain (of Parkview Presbyterian Church) to this insurance man every week. There was a woman from whom my daughter used to take piano lessons. I send her Chapel Chimes every week, too. It has been 20 years since I began to send them weeklies.



I heard that she was on a wheelchair. Her husband passes away last year. So I sent some money for flowers to her according to Japanese custom. Sometimes she sends me very cordial letters, but I don't understand English very well. In any case, we have kept up our correspondence. Well, I think we have been taken care of by many many people.

Q. When did Mr. Hayashi die?

A. in 1925.

Q. When did you get married to Mr. Hayashi?

A. I got married to Mr. Hayashi on the 8th of December, 1915. Well, it was just about 9 years that we had been married.

Q. So from 1925 until the time of relocation, you raised your children by yourself and did farming and everything?

A. Well, as far as farming, Mr. Hayashi had two older brothers, so they took care of that. They were very good people. The second brother was a quite learned man. He liked to argue on and on. He was a very good man, too. He also died of an accident; I think it was electric shock.

Well, this man's sons are doing very well, I hear. You see, people nowadays ask for welfare for their children, but at that time I did not know anything about these things, so I worked as a cook in labor camps. You know, there were about 30 people I had to feed. I just couldn't use the old and big "Kama" (a big pot). I couldn't make rice in this pot, so I got a small pot from home and used to cook many many times in them.



Even if there was no school on weekends, we used to sit together and say prayers before we ate our meals every day. Although I suffered many pains and hardships, God has been with me and blessed my life as well as my children's lives. Because of this, I sent my children to Sunday School every week, even though I could not attend every Sunday worship.

One summer I met a boy who was a student at the University of California at Berkeley. He came to work for our farm. I asked him about his life. He said that he came from Kagoshima Ken. When he was very small his mother ran away with her boy friend. So this boy was adopted by this man who married his mother. Once they went back to Japan, but later they returned to the States. Soon after that, his mother passed away and his step father remarried. This man had 2 girls by his second wife. This boy entered the university, however, he thought he had to support himself. At that time I was feeling so bad for Ryuzo, so I had my other son write a letter for me and sent him with it enough money for his tuition. I thought I may be able to forget (all the tragic things happen to) Ryuzo.

I received a call from him a few months later. He said, "I am still a Japanese citizen, and I am going to enlist in the Japanese army. So I would like to go back to Japan." So I said, "Oh, then are you going to ask money from your father?" He said, "No. My father's business is not going very well. I thought you may be able to help me in this." I had about \$100 in cash. So I went to bank and withdrew about \$200 and



gave him the sum of \$300 to go back to Japan. I told him to study hard even if he went back to Japan. He said, "Mrs. Hayashi, I will work very hard." and he left for Japan.

There was a man by the name of Nakamura, Kaju, who was a representative to the Lower House of Japanese Diet. This man lived in Tokyo. This young man live in the house of Mr. Nakamura and studied Japanese. He sent us letters quite often.

You see, my brother still lived in Japan till then, so I asked him to visit him, which he did. My brother was very happy to do so. Later he was sent to Kumamoto Ken after he enlisted. I sent many letters to this young man even after he enlisted. But at that time a soldier could not receive letters from women. So it was very difficult to communicate with him. He wrote to me and said, ~~that there was a~~ library at the foot of a hill and he went there often to study Japanese. He learned it well. I was very happy about this. My brother-in-law used to bring his letters to me. He asked, "Are you corresponding with this man?" So I told him that this young man was very unfortunate and I was trying to help him.

When heard this he said, "Oh...That's a very good thing!" and he went away. Soon this young man was able to teach English conversation to officers. Because officers appreciated this very much he was able to get out of the military duty within a year and a half, though it took 2 years for a normal situation. When this young man left the army, my brogher went to Kumamoto Ken to extend our congratulations.



This young man had to worry about a job. My brother had a friend who was a secretary of Foreign Affairs in the Japanese Government. By his introduction this young man was able to work for the Railroad Company of Manchuria. He was given a house to live in. At that time if you worked for the government, they gave you a house to live in. He also wrote to me that once one enlisted in the Japanese Army, he would not be able to come back to the United States as a citizen. Though I sent him \$200 to come back to the States, he was not able to do so. He said he appreciated that money, though.

Soon Manchurian war broke out. He wrote to me that he was going to volunteer. So I wrote to him and said that if he wanted to go to war, then follow your desire. However, please let me know your station, so that I could write to you. After that he wrote to me just once, and that was the last letter I received. So I think he died there.

So that was the end of my conscience (my debt) with my son Ryuzo. By this time my son had become a big boy. Well, as for him, and his wife, she was working in the Camp. She graduated in Child Psychology from the University of California. My eldest daughter said she would become a good wife for my son. But I said I would not be able to speak to her because of the lack of ability in English on my part. However, my daughter said that language was not going to be the problem, from then on everybody is going to speak in English. So the oldest daughter was very much for them to get married. Actually, she was the one who introduced her to him. My son was not the kind of man who would find his own girl friend by himself.



After he went into the army, he began to correspond with her. So on march 18, 1946, they were married at the very expensive apartment in front of the Michigan Lake. I talked about that lady owner of the apartment, Mrs. Tylor, who thought that my sons and daughters were her family members. She cleaned up her apartment and decorated it beautifully so that they could have the wedding there.

One of my daughters is in Hawaii, now. Well, we used to send our pictures around, particularly to my son who was overseas at that time. My son's friend used to keep all the picture of the daughter. When he came back to the States, he proposed to her and they were engaged. After they got married they went to Hawaii. At that time the war was over, but Nisei still had to get a special permission to go to Hawaii. He was able to obtain one so they went.

Q. Who was the first son?

A. Ryuzo. He was the first son. Then Shuki. Masa is the third who is now Mrs. Aoki. Then we had Michi who is now in Hawaii. Then Yuki and the last daughter is Osame. The boy who died in Italy was born between Yuki and Osame. His name was Tadao. Osame does not know her father's face. I still have the letters which were sent to me from the battle field. He used to say, "Without father you have raised us to this day. I am very thankful."

Q. Mr. Hayashi died and you had to support all your children. But you were able to give such a large sum of money to the student to go to school and to go back to Japan. How did you do it?



A. We had about \$1,000 from his insurance. You see, Minejima's were very good to me and even after I became Hayashi, I kept up correspondence. Mr. Shuji Minejima was my former husband's younger brother. He came from Chiba Ken. He was the first graduate of the Medical School there. He became a very good surgeon. This man had two daughters. The older daughter is succeeding the family. They have a family graveyard and every year during the memorial day season I send a little bit of money to her for the flower. I was supposed to be ther when I die, but I would not be there because I am Hayashi, now. You may laugh at me because I stick to the old Japanese tradition, but then, Japanese people give animal names to every year (they come in 12 year cycles). In Minejima family all boys are "Tatsu" (dragon) born of the year of dragon, and all girls are born in the year of dog. My father-in-law was very happy because I was indeed born in the year of dog, and he took me all over tha palce.

Q. Why did you come back to California after the war?

A. We came back to California in 1960. I came back to Sacramento instead of Salinas because Shuki was here and Osame was here. Shuki used to own a house in Berkeley, so I used to fly to Berkeley from Minneapolis. My daughter bought tickets for me so I traveled by myself.

At that time there was a minister by the name of Chui. His wife was born in Livingston which I learned later. You know when I visited Berkeley, I used to see them often and used to have nice talks. I think



it was about 18 years ago. At that time we talked so many times, but I did not know anything about the fact that she was born in Livingston. On the way back from Roseville Mr. H. Ouye told me about that.

We lived in Chicago for five and a half years. We moved to Minneapolis from January 1949. We stayed there till 1960.

Q. What do you remember from Minneapolis?

A. Well, Frank used to tell me to come and live with them because rent was very expensive (in Chicago). So I went to live with Yuki and her husband Frank. But it was very difficult to go to town. I still cannot forget that incident. When I came back from Fujinkai (I went home by bus. It used to take me over 30 minutes), I began to work on the mailing of weekly bulletain. While I was working on it, I coughed up blood. Yuki was at home at that time. I told Yuki so she brought me a coffee can to spit up mucus and blood. At that time I coughed up quite a bit of blood, so Yuki called hospital and also ambulance to take me to the hospital right straight from home.

I rested in the hospital for a while. Well, at the hospital, a doctor gave me a shot. Although I did not know myself, I had an ulcer. Rev. Daisuke Kitagawa came to see me and said that I worked too hard, mailing weekly bulletain every week and also worried about the church being divided into two parties. At that time there was a man who was against Rev. Kitagawa and try to split the church. I did worry about that a lot. I told them that I must have a very weak stomach.



In any case I received transfusion. I could not eat for 5 days and during that time I received I.V. feeding. When I left the hospital I was recovering very well. I guess I stayed there for five days. Yuki and Frank were there at the operation. They said more than a half of my stomach was taken out. I don't remember anything other than the fact that I went under a bright light.

Well, doctors told me that I was recovering very well. In order to recover faster they let me walk very early. One time a nurse gave me a glass of orange juice and I vomited all of it. So after that I didn't touch orange juice at all. Then I went back to Yuki's house. However the house was so far away from town, and I had to take a special bus to go to town. So I found an apartment very close to church. I think it was 1964.

After that I became a naturalized citizen. I think I have been taken care by many people at very crucial times. I am very thankful that I met these people.

Well, it's kind of embarrassing to tell others, but every night I do some exercise by shaking my head and hands and legs. I take great care of the food I eat, so that I will have a balanced diet. Last Thanksgiving day, Shuki came to see me. He is 52 years old now. He is an old man. Well, from the time of evacuation to this day he has been working very hard and has taken care of me very well. I write lots of things to Kenzo Yoshida, too.



Q. After you came back to California where did you go first?

A. I came to Sacramento straight, because Shuki and Osame lived here.

Q. You mean you came to this apartment?

A. Yes. This is the place I moved into when I left Minneapolis. Well, it was a dirty place at that time, but it was very cheap. I paid \$55 a month and it was very good for me, because I could walk to church. So I decided to live here. Marian and Osame came here to clean up. It's very clean now. After he painted the house the owner raised the rent.

Q. When you came back to California, everything was settled down. Your children got settled down. They have good jobs now and there has not been a major disaster. However, is there any thing you remember after you came back to Sacramento?

A. After I came back here not very many things happened except the fact that I am able to worship every Sunday. Though I do not understand English, I attend worship and thank God for everything H has done for me. Rev. Kato used to say that he was very grateful for what I was able to do. I had been helping the Chapel Chimes at Parkview. I has been over 10 years now since I began to help it. I used to help the weekly bulletin in Chicago, too. When Mrs. Hirota was suffering with asthma, Mrs. Ishima asked me to help her. Ever since then I have been helping the Chapel Chimes.



Q. When did you start to help the Chapel Chimes?

A. I think it was the second Sunday in October, 1960.

Q. Well, lets see, you helped the mailing in Chicago and Minneapolis, too.

When was the very first time you helped the mailing?

A. There was no mailing in Salinas, so it must have been in Chicago, so it must have been in 1945. Rev. and Mrs. Takeda used to mail them by themselves, so I began to help them. As you know, he was the pastor at Watsonville before the war.

Q. You told me that you did not live in Camp, too long.

A. Yes. I think we entered into the Camp on the 4th of July and left before school started. So it must have been September or October. Actually September or October of the next year, so it must have been a little over one year.

Q. You know you lost two husbands and also you lost two sons. There are lots of other things which happen to you, war, relocation camp, and the rest. What do you think about these things?

A. Well, you know I am such a small person and it may sound very arrogant, but I can tell you this because you know me well. The thing that I think everyday is that I can not let Christ carry all the burden of suffering. I felt that I had to carry my share. I am very thankful that I can still carry some share, even if it is very small and not that important. I am still trying to do something to help Him. Again, I am very grateful for I can carry on. I don't own anything, but I have a healthy body and that's a lot.



Q. You have had such a lot of sufferings, but do you think these sufferings were beneficial to you?

A. Well, I am very happy. I would like to share thing happiness with others. So even now I write to many people (about dozen). That's my work. I was very close to Mrs. Sakamoto. We used to go to a hot spring together with Rev. Koga. We used to talk all kinds of things together. At that time I took many pictures with her. So I send them to her. Only thing is that my children would not be embarrassed by my. I wish I would not embarrass them in any way and I wish they can do a good job whatever they are doing. I studied English but it did not stay with me. Even if I look up workds in a dictionary, I could not use them in daily conversation.

I attend worship every Sunday, but I alway wear old dress. I just cannot bring myself to buy them. This is the way I am. There are so many people starving today. If I have anything more than they do, then I feel I have to share with them. I don't talk about these things with anybody else, but I do that because it is you who is a Christian Minister.

Q. When did you come in contact with Christianity? When did you become a church member?

A. It was after I came to the States. I never had direct contact with it in Japan.



Q. You were baptized after Mr. Minejima died. Is that right?

A. Yes. That is correct.

Q. If you did not become a Christian, do you think your life might have been different?

A. When I was in Salinas I used to read the Bible a lot. We do not have prayer meetings any more here, not do we sing hymns as much as I like. In Salinas Rev. Noji was the minister there and we used to get together with Mr. Sato who is now in Mayhew for the Bible class.

After Shuki enlisted in the Army, people questioned me about this. They said, "What are you doing? Aren't you Japanese? Why did you send your son in the U.S. Army?" I did not know how to answer that. But when I came to think about it, Shuki must have had a quite dream for his future. He must be thinking that when he came back from the war, he can go to school. I have a feeling now that's why he enlisted in the Army. But in any case, he is an American citizen, and we are staying here. I felt that it was his duty to enlist.

Dada used to write quite often to Shuki and he still have that letter. He used to explain all kinds of things to us. I am very grateful for everything, inspite of the fact that so many tragic things did happend to me including the death of my sons and husbands.

Q. Thank you very much for talking to me so long. You must be tired.

A. Oh, Rev. Takarabe, I would like to ask you to keep on being my friend and I would like you take care of me when I pass away. You know I am



not a Parkview member. My membership is at the church in Salinas. My husband, Mr. Hayashi's grave is there and he was the member of Salinas church. I wanted to tell you this for a long time, but since you are here I have to tell you this. They say in Christian tradition, they don't cremate, but bury. But now land is becoming small and I hear it's acceptable for Christian to be cremated. So I would like to be cremated, make it small and buried there by my husband. That's my wish and I would like to have the service at Parkview and have you officiate the funeral for me with the family members. since I was baptized in this church.

Q. Well, after the war, did your opinion about white men change in any way?

A. Well, you know, it does not really matter whether it is a black man or white man. They all are blessed by God. Women down stair tells me that this black man and that black man, but I think we should not make such distinctions. When I think of the fact that I was taken care of for 61 years in this country, I am very thankful that I still can think for others. These things that I do are very small, I know, like writing letters, giving people some crochat. I feel these things are my responsibilities and I am thankful that I can do these things.

I have had this funeral plan for a long time. I have given this to Shuki, but I havn't had an opportunity to use it yet.(laugh) But you know one never knows what might happen tomorrow.

In any case, I have ;my daughter here. As to the oldest daughter, she is so busy that she can't even send me a letter. Her husband serves



as an usher on Sunday mornings at the church. But she says when it snows or rains, people would not come to worship service. Well, I thank you very much for your patience. I am going to depend on you in near future.

Q. Thank you very very much for sharing your life with me.